

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LIFE IN NEWPORT.

A NEWPORT AQUARELLE. 12mo., pp. 250. Roberts Brothers.

This story—announced as that strange thing, "A Society Novel"—presents a sufficiently accurate description of the Casino at Newport, of a polo game and other summer diversions, but it is curiously devoid of character-painting. It reads like a reasonably good report for a newspaper in which places and persons and their clothes and conversation are sketched, but in which little is said concerning motive, feeling, and reflection. The heroine is an American girl, whose beauty appears to be her chief attraction, for a more unpleasant young woman is rarely seen in the pages of a novel. As for that beauty, "she was tall, straight as an arrow and slender, long-limbed, with a small, round waist, wide shoulders, and full, classic bust, carefully displayed by the close-fitting dress of dark blue fustian, fastened at the throat with a pair of deep sapphire buttons. Her head was magnificently set on her shoulders, and her poise was to quote the phrase Larkington had used, "half arrogant and wholly fetching." The head itself was small, and, if not intellectual, intelligent in shape. Her fine black hair was brushed simply back from her temples—she could afford to show her hair.

Her eyes were dark and full of fire; the thick line of the eyebrows was not a trace of the straight, sensitive nose, with its red nostrils, showed that her friends called her "high spirit"; her mouth was full and red, and her dimples—she could afford to show her dimples—were very deep and full. Her hair was full and red, and her dimples—she could afford to show her dimples—were very deep and full. Her hair was full and red, and her dimples—she could afford to show her dimples—were very deep and full.

LIFE OF THE RIGHT REV. SAMUEL WILBERFORCE, D. D., Lord Bishop of Oxford and afterwards of Winchester, by Canon Ashwell, M. A., and Reginald G. Wilberforce, Abbot of Westminster. 8vo., pp. 553. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Abridgments of books which are worth reading are seldom good; this one is very bad. The English edition of the life of Bishop Wilberforce appeared in three volumes, of which the first was written by Canon Ashwell, and the second and third were edited by Mr. Reginald G. Wilberforce, the eldest surviving son of the Bishop. Out of these three volumes the American editor has thrown together a volume which has not even the merit of being honest. The publishers, who have so often shown us that they know how to make beautiful books, have done their part in this case by issuing it poorly printed on poor paper, with many inexcusable misprints, and with portraits that are travesties on the art of wood-engraving. An abridgment of the bulky English edition was both proper and necessary for the American admirers and friends of Bishop Wilberforce, and would meet an actual want. This attempt is not only a failure, but a mischief.

As to Gladys Carleton, I can't say I blame her for not liking Boston people. "Why?" asked several voices. "Because, when she was there to make a visit last winter, she had a perfectly horrid time. She stayed with some people living on Newbury-st., whom she had met in Europe. They were from Philadelphia, and she had lived there five years. I got her an invitation to the assembly, but she would not go because her friends were not asked. They were very nice people, but somehow they did not 'get on' in Boston."

"Don't you think that the Hub is a pretty hard place for any stranger to 'get on' in?" Mr. Curtis Sears was the speaker. He was a young fellow, but thoughtful, fair, and looked as if he had been fed on ice-water during his infancy, instead of the less chilly fluid provided by nature for the human young. His question was answered by the usual reply, "No, sir."

Yes, Mr. Sears, I quite agree with you. A stranger who comes to Boston a few weeks, if he brings proper letters, is sure to receive a great deal of attention. We are not so inhospitable. But the people who come to live among us, it is a very different matter. Then it is not a question of an acquaintance of a few weeks, but a permanent one. That makes such a difference. I know a college married last year, and brought his wife, who was a New-York belle, to Boston. She happened to have neither relatives nor friends in our city, and as he thought it would be better to have few personal relations with it. He belonged to one of the best families, but that served the little bride in no wise. People simply let her alone. A few of the most distinguished and noble spirits in the city and the husband's relatives asked her to dine once at their several houses, and there it stopped. She now rails against Boston, and lives but in the hope of finding her husband to remove to New York.

"The truth of the matter is," said the pretty lady with the three-syllable name, "that we don't want all the nice men to marry out of Boston. We are contented with our own kind of men. The men who are too young to think about a matrimonial standpoint, and it is very aggravating to have these New-York men just pick and choose all our best material, and then go and marry in New York, leaving us nothing but the dregs of our male population."

ing at the sight of their prey, and the men and women spurred their horses on for the excitement. Excited exclamations were heard from the men as they leaped their tired steeds, and a cry of "Go on, Nimble!" fell on Farwell's ears. It had come from the lips of Gladys; and as he looked at her, he wondered where she had expressed that wish. She was flushed and her eyes sparkled with excitement. She struck her horse and urged him over the last wall as a jockey would do, and with a shout of "Go on, Nimble!" and a cry of "Go on, Nimble!" she leaped across the field even with the huntmen, and leading the whole cavalcade.

And the fox was well, he was only a stupid little creature after all, and quite dashed by the sudden light, by the cries of the hounds, and the approach of all these men, women, and ladies, he did nothing but jump up on the stone wall and look wondrously at the superior animals who had come so far to find him.

"When the pack were close upon him he realized that all that meant was to take his miserable little life that all these great creatures—brave men and delicate women, hounds and horses—had come out on this bright summer afternoon. He realized, in a flash, that he was to try for it, and he leaped about him over a strange open country with fields on either side, and, seeing how hopeless it was, stood quite still, looking at the animals, gazed by their king, man, who were now close upon him.

One great cry he gave, as he felt the teeth of the foremost hound fasten on his throat, and then he lay on his back, and in a space of time he was no more. Miss Carleton with the brush of the fox, which she hung at the pommel of her saddle.

The book is apparently the work of an untrained and unaccommodated writer, and considered as such may be pronounced creditable. But he or she—in writing another should remember that a "society novel" without intellectual grandeur and the sparkle of wit is a dry twig on the mighty stream of current literature.

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